

THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR



Number One :: Summer, 1967 :: .50c the copy

- THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR is an experiment designed to replace the hitherto annual bulletin-announcements. Judging by their indifferent response, we have come to feel here at Arkham House that many people who have been sent our bulletins in the past are not interested in receiving them, and it seems to us that it would be more efficient to send out announcements only to people who take the trouble to subscribe to them in this form, though *The Arkham Collector* will not be confined to mere announcements of coming titles. Moreover, it has become too time-consuming to go through the address files year after year to check against purchases made from our lists during previous years. We propose henceforth to confine announcements to the present publication, which will be issued at least once a year, if not more often, as circumstances demand.

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ABOUT "THE SHUTTERED ROOM" IN PAPERBACK. A few patrons of Arkham House have recently become irate about the appearance on newstands of *The Shuttered Room*, by one Julia Withers. "A shattering story of Gothic romance and terror — now an unforgettable motion picture. She was beautiful, young and damned by the echoes of an unspoken curse" — the typical Hollywood claptrap that is a far cry from *The Shuttered Room* familiar to collectors of Arkham House books. But the setting

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is Dunwich, the action takes place in an old mill, the Whately family is the focus of the story, and the plot is generally the same. Our readers' indignation is understandable, because, of course, this film produced by Seven Arts ("A Troy-Schenck Production"), and starring Gig Young, Carol Lynley, Oliver Reed, and Flora Robson, from the "Screenplay by D. B. Leaderman and Nathaniel Tanchuck", is indeed August Derleth's *The Shuttered Room*.

We hasten to assure our patrons that the whole distasteful thing is perfectly legal. When Arkham House sold *The Shuttered Room* for filming, the contract contained a "tie-in" clause permitting the producers to farm out their script and have it "novelized" for paperback reproduction. Julia Withers' version is pretty dreadful stuff, but she had no alternative but to follow the screen script, in which the protagonist is not Abner Whately, but one Susannah Whately, no less, and encumbered by her husband, Mike Kelton.

The Shuttered Room was filmed in England. Arkham House patrons may be amused by the following paragraphs, which appeared in *Films and Filming* (London), in August, 1966 — "Quite the most scandalous thing of recent months has been the quiet, almost unpublicised burning down of a bit of Britain for an American financed movie. The film, *The Shuttered Room*. The bit of Britain that went was an old flour mill by a stream, at Hardingham in Norfolk.

"It appears that the film company purchased the mill, then destroyed it. The property laws in France and other civilised countries would make such disgusting, antisocial behavior impossible. I would not be surprised if the Church Commissioners sold St. Paul's at a price and we saw that burnt down for another American epic. (And perhaps after the way we have allowed the City of London to be rebuilt with tasteless expediency it would be just as well). Back to the cayeres."

Once a story has been sold for filming, the author loses control over what happens to it. August Derleth keeps his

sense of humor and reflects that the fees paid for such films help defray the cost of publishing the letters of H. P. Lovecraft.

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GRAVEYARD IN APRIL

A rain made up of muted madrigals
Sifts over the cemetery like a screen.
The grey tombstones stand glazed with tears;
They are mute with memories no one remembers.
Under the leaking sod of the lost ones lie
All their frantic days long framed in dust.
Through the grey sheets of rain I hear them cry,
And who can offer even a sparrow's crust?

—Joseph Payne Brennan

† † †

H. P. LOVECRAFT & SCIENCE FICTION. There are anthologists who insist upon seeing H. P. Lovecraft as pre-eminently a writer of science fiction — though only a very few of his stories could be looked upon as belonging to that sub-classification of fantasy known as science fiction, notably *The Shadow out of Time* and *At the Mountains of Madness*, among the longer stories, and primarily *The Colour out of Space*, among the shorter fiction. Lovecraft himself would have rejected the view.

In this connection some quotations from his *Some Notes on Interplanetary Fiction* are *a propos*, though it should be remembered that this essay was written ca. 1934, when science fiction consisted largely of space opera. He opened with a challenging statement that seemed to many readers to pigeonhole Lovecraft as antipathetic to science fiction, which he was not. "Despite the current flood of stories dealing with other worlds and universes, and with flights to and from them through cosmic space, it is probably no exaggeration to say that not more than a half-dozen of these things, including the novels of H. G. Wells, have even

the slightest shadow of a claim to artistic seriousness or literary rank. Insincerity, conventionality, triteness, artificiality, false emotion, and puerile extranvagance reign triumphant throughout this overcrowded genre, so that none but its rarest products can possibly claim a truly adult status. And the spectacle of such persistent hollowness has led many to ask whether, indeed, any fabric of real literature can ever grow out of the given subject matter." — a question which Ray Bradbury and other writers have since aswered in the affirmative.

To continue: "The present commentator does not believe that the idea of spacetravel and other worlds is inherently unsuited to literary use. It is, rather, his opinion that the omnipresent cheapening and misuse of that idea is the result of a widespread misconception; a misconception which extends to other departments of weird and science fiction as well. This fallacy is the notion that any account of impossible, improbable, or inconceivable phenomena can be successfully presented as a commonplace narrative of objective acts and conventional emotions in the ordinary tone and manner of popular romance. . . . Inconceivable events and conditions form a class apart from all other story elements, and cannot be made convincing by any mere process of casual narration. They have the handicap of incredibility to overcome; and this can be accomplished only through a careful realism in every *other* phase of the story, plus a gradual atmospheric or emotional building-up of the utmost subtlety. The emphasis, too, must be kept right — hovering always over *the wonder of the central abnormality itself*. It must be remembered that any violation of what we know as natural law is *in itself* a far more tremendous thing than any other event or feeling which could possibly affect a human being. . . .

"Atmosphere, not action, is the thing to cultivate in the wonder story. . . . A good interplanetary story must have realistic human characters; not the stock scientists,

villainous assistants, invincible heroes, and lovely scientist's-daughter heroines of the usual trash of this sort. . . . No stock romance is wanted. We must select only such characters (not necessarily stalwart or dashing or youthful or beautiful or picturesque characters) as would naturally be involved in the events to be depicted, and they must behave exactly as real persons would behave if confronted with the given marvels."

Lovecraft cited as "semi-classics" of the genre H. G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds*, Olaf Stapledon's *Last and First Men*, G. McLeod Winsor's *Station X*, Donald Wandrei's *The Red Brain*, and Clark Ashton Smith's best work. He believed that science fiction had "the future of a fresh literary form whose present lack of development leaves all the more room for brilliant and fruitful experimentation," but he would have been surprised to find himself looked upon as principally a writer of science fiction.

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THE MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE LITERATURE AWARD. At a banquet at the annual awards dinner of the Count Dracula Society at the Knickerbocker Hotel in Hollywood last February 18, August Derleth was given the Mrs. Ann Radcliffe Literature Award — a handsome framed scroll — presented "to Wisconsin's most distinguished author for his own work and for his efforts in publishing the work of H. P. Lovecraft, the Twentieth Century Poe." Only a few months previously, Mr. Derleth had been presented with one of Wisconsin's Governor's Awards in the arts.

The Count Dracula Society was founded five years ago and is devoted to the serious study of horror films and Gothic literature. It is based, understandably, in Hollywood. Since it was impossible for Mr. Derleth — then not long out of the hospital following a coronary — to be in Hollywood in person, Robert Bloch accepted the award for him. In the course of his acceptance address, Mr. Bloch

recalled a visit made to Sauk City in 1939.

"I was impressed because Derleth, together with Donald Wandrei of St. Paul, was publishing a hard cover book collection of H. P. Lovecraft's stories. Lovecraft had died in 1937, and had never managed to get a collection published during his lifetime. Although the magazine *Weird Tales* had been in existence for sixteen years and published close to two thousand fantasy stories, not one of its writers had succeeded in getting a book collection of his work. But here was Derleth, living in a little town of 2,000 people away off in the boondocks, determined to put out a book of fantasies by an author whose work had appeared only in the pulp magazines of the day. And not just an ordinary two-dollar book, mind you, but a big, fat expensive five-dollar book. All the hippies in publishing said it would never go.

"And you know something? They were right. It *didn't* go. That first volume, *The Outsider and Others*, in an edition of a little over 1,200 copies, was a bomb. In spite of advance promotion and a discount offer, only a hundred fifty copies were sold by the time of publication. But Derleth was already determined to publish a second Lovecraft collection — *Beyond the Wall of Sleep*. And his little publishing firm — Arkham House, named after Lovecraft's mythical New England town — would stay in business to publish the work of other American fantasy writers.

"When Donald Wandrei went into service in World War II, Derleth kept going alone. Slowly he managed to attract critical attention, build up mail-order sales. All the revenue was put back into the business, to publish more books. It was Derleth who was responsible for the hard-cover collections of Clark Ashton Smith — Henry S. Whitehead — A. E. van Vogt's famous science fiction classic, *Slan*. By 1945 he was so desperate for material he even published my first collection, *The Opener of the Way*. You know, writing that book was so easy I could do it with my

eyes shut. And that's the best way to read it, too.

"After the war, more Lovecraft material appeared — and work by Robert E. Howard, Wandrei, Frank Belknap Long — Ray Bradbury's first book, and Fritz Leiber's first book came from Arkham House. By this time, Lovecraft's *The Outsider and Others* was being sold by rare book dealers for \$100.00 a copy. It had become a collector's item. My book became a collector's item, too — you've heard of garbage collectors.

"But the book-dealers made the money, not the authors. And not Derleth. He put the earnings into more publishing, so that through the years over seventy volumes have appeared — collections, novels, verse, essays — more than seventy volumes of fantasy in hard covers. This is a considerable achievement, and August Derleth deserves full credit for it. Even more important than the success of Arkham House itself is the secondary effect it had on the publishing field. Because of that success, other publishing houses decided to bring out fantasy and science fiction books on their own. When Arkham House came into existence twenty-eight years ago, there weren't half-a-dozen such books by American writers in the world. Today hundreds of titles — thousands — have been published in hard covers, and many thousands more in paperback editions.

"Derleth set out to help establish the reputation of H. P. Lovecraft as an important writer of fantasy, and there's no doubt today that he succeeded. In addition, he helped establish the reputation of many *other* fantasy writers. Those writers, their readers, and the entire field of publishing owe him a deep debt. This is one of the reasons he is receiving the Ann Radcliffe Award tonight. The other reason lies embodied in his own work. For over forty years August Derleth has been a professional writer — one of the most prolific in the world today. His list of published work — not all in the field of fantasy — is fantastic in itself by virtue of its very length. Over 125 books have poured from

his typewriter. Regional novelist — essayist — dramatist — critic — poet — writer of mysteries and creator of the character, Solar Pons — writer of fantasy — editor — anthologist — publisher — he's earned a reputation in all these roles, though it is for his work as a publisher and author of fantasy that we honor him this evening. . . .

"I'm very happy to accept the Ann Radcliffe Award on behalf of August Derleth, because I feel it is deeply deserved. All of us who love fantasy must be forever grateful for one reality — the very real and very important contribution of August Derleth."

Similar awards were presented to British actor Christopher Lee (in cinema), *Star Trek* (in television), and Karl Freund (Hollywood cinematographer). Previous awards in literature were made to Russell Kirk, Alfred Hitchcock, and Robert Bloch.

Hard upon the heels of the fifth annual meeting of the Count Dracula Society, the London *Observer* News Service sent out a syndicated story to the effect that "Dracula, the embodiment of all that's nasty, cruel and horrific, may not really have been as bad as his reputation," according to Prof. Grigore Nandris, a Rumanian scholar, who pointed out that the original Dracula was Vlad V, a prince of Walachia in southern Rumania in the fifteenth century. As for the title — and "Dracula" is a title, he wrote, not a name — its meaning is that Vlad V was a member of the Order of the Dragon, formulated in 1418 to defend the church of Rome. Dr. Nandris has a word or two for the popularity of Dracula. "Dracula as a character has always attracted the press, the film industry, the broadcasters, who continue to make the worst use of his macabre cruelties" — performed chiefly against the Turks, and earning for Vlad V the nickname of "the Impaler" — "The theme has been widely popularized, not because of its literary value, but in order to excite the morbid enjoyment of collective sadism lingering subconsciously in the individual." — which will

be news to the distinguished members of the Count Dracula Society.

† † †

SOMEONE AT THE PASTURE GATE

Someone comes at dusk each night
to stand beyond the pasture gate
and look down through the fading light
to where the house is, late forsaken.
Oh! such longing rising there
to spread itself in evening air!

Someone who waits beneath the oak
and bends his long unwavering stare
— less tangible than leaf-fire smoke —
across the buttes of darkening air
to some last bond that binds him there
to earth and water and the clouded stair.

Something of love or hate
stronger than the grave
keeps him at the pasture gate.
Where does he lie? In what cave,
under what tree or stone
hidden, unknown?

He looks down from the pasture's rim
as at someone that he knows,
and I look back at him,
while a gnawing wonder grows
under that darkening sky —
is he the ghost — or I?

— August Derleth
from *Nightshade*

NIGHTSHADE is an occasional publication of the Nine Hostages Press, P.O. Box 4842, San Francisco, California, 94101, edited by Stanley McNail, author of *Something*

Breathing. Those Arkham House patrons who are fond of fantasy and the macabre in verse may subscribe to *Nightshade* at \$1.00 for six issues.

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THE PRAED STREET IRREGULARS. In June, 1966, a considerable company of admirers of Solar Pons, August Derleth's pastiche Sherlock Holmes — including a not inconsiderable number of Baker Street Irregulars — met at the handsome home of Al Germeshausen in Hollywood and formally organized the Praed Street Irregulars — a gentle spoofing of the Baker Street Irregulars. The Praed Street Irregulars "are dedicated to the proposition that detectives are unequal and that the immortal and living Solar Pons shall assume pedestaled stature beside his great Master, Sherlock Holmes. This is the increasing purpose of our Order." Thus Alvin F. Germeshausen.

Sparked by Luther Leon Norris (who designed the endpaper map for *The Casebook of Solar Pons*), the organization enrolled over a hundred members, among them men and women widely known in the world of fantasy and detection — Ray Bradbury, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bloch, Mr. and Mrs. Poul Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Van Vogt, Stuart Palmer, Forrest Ackermann, Seabury Quinn, Anthony Boucher, Vincent Starrett, Rex Stout, Fritz Leiber, Michael Harrison, Frederic Dannay (Ellery Queen), Penelope Wallace (daughter of Edgar Wallace), Richard and Mollie Hardwick, Frank Robinson, Arthur "Weegee" Fellig, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jose Farmer, Robert L. Fish, Frank Utpatel, and others.

Those members present at the organization meeting were presented with handsome scrolls and invested with a character or title name chosen from the Pontine Canon. August Derleth, naturally, became The Agent, Luther Norris the Lord Warden of the Pontine Marshes, Michael Harrison the Missing Huntsman, and so on. Pontine enthusiasts who are interested in joining the PSI should write

to Luther Norris, 3844 Watseka Avenue, Culver City, California, 90231.

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THE PONTINE DOSSIER. The first issue of the official publication of the Praed Street Irregulars was published in Hollywood last March. *The Pontine Dossier* is a four-page, double-column broadside designed to appeal to the followers of Solar Pons in particular, and to devotees of detection in general. An attractive but almost severely plain publication, it features the *Call to Conclave* address delivered by Alvin Germeshausen at the initial meeting of the Praed Street Irregulars in the summer of 1966, as well as the first of a series — this one on Dr. John Thorndyke — of *Forgotten Ferrets*, also by Mr. Germeshausen. Michael Harrison contributes *The Praed of Praeds*, a monograph on Winthrop Macworth Praed, after whom Praed Street was allegedly named, George J. Marx a portrait of "The Agent" — *My Auctorial Friend*, and Robert W. Hahn's lively *Toast to Solar Pons* —

Raise a glass to Praed Street
For by the Great Hound's Molar,
If it be we can't have Sherlock,
By all means, let's have Solar!

The *Dossier* is edited by Luther Norris, and published by him as well. It is headed by a drawing from the pen of Henry Lauritzen, the Danish artist who illustrated *The Adventure of the Orient Express*. Other illustrations include a photograph of the scene at the initial meeting of the Praed Street Irregulars and a print of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Intended only for irregular publication, the *Dossier* promises some light-hearted entertainment to all aficionados.

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NIGHTMARE

Naught but dream, you say — figment of some wild thought,

Insane with delusions of a frenzied flight,
 Grimly pursued by some terror of the night;
 Hallucination — that chase past splintered plinths,
 Through fields of asphodels and hyacinths;
 Mirage — that return through spatial labyrinths.
 Wake, you say, to the dazzling truth of day,
 Reality the frightened heart shall allay —
 Explain then this monstrous slug the gray dawn brought.
 — Walter Shedlofsky

† † †

A BOK FOLIO. The well-known fantasy artist, Hannes Bok, died in April, 1964, but there exists in California a small but dedicated organization intent on keeping his memory green and his work alive. Called the Bokanalia Foundation, and chairmaned by Emil Petaja, with sponsorship of the Golden Gate Futurians Society, this group is publishing the *Bokanalia Memorial Folio No. 1*, containing fifteen drawings by Hannes Bok, printed on fine art stock, in a limited edition. There are many admirers of Bok's work among Arkham collectors, for Arkham House is constantly being applied to for copies of Bok's Arkham jackets — for *Skull-Face and Others*, *Out of Space and Time*, *The Hounds of Tindalos*, and *The House on the Borderland and Other Novels*. The Bok folio sells at \$3.00 the copy; interested collectors may write for it to Emil Petaja at 225 Diamond Street, San Francisco, California, 94114.

† † †

THE KEY

In fabled stories I have heard it told
 That mystic keys unlock so many doors;
 That we are always trembling on the brink
 Of some strange cavern very deep and old.

I chided this and went my carefree way;
 The ancient tomb held no more mystery.

I climbed the hills and ran through forest glens,
Afraid no more of what the dreams might say.

And when the moon was full one winter night
I heard a knocking on my bedroom door.

The portal opened and I heard a sound
That filled me with a horrid, nameless fright.

Cold hands touched mine, dread whispers filled
the air;

The fetor of the tomb was in my room.

I followed, and the Key was in my hand!

There was a door, and then a deep, dark stair . . .

— Duane Rimel

† † †

NOCTURNE

What beast behind with shuffling tread
through nights I have gone;
each space I step upon
where streetlights are dead
is an abyss to the unknown.

Shadow, shadow, on the wall,
Have mercy on us all.

— Herman Stowell King

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NECROLOGY. Since the death of Clark Ashton Smith in 1961, three more authors with books on the Arkham House list have died — H. Russell Wakefield (*They Return at Evening, Other Who Returned, Imagine a Man in a Box, The Clock Strikes Twelve, Strayers from Sheol*) in 1964; John Metcalfe (*Judas and Other Stories, The Smoking Leg and Other Stories, Arm's Length, Spring Darkness, My Cousin Geoffrey, The Feasting Dead, etc.*) in 1965; and Dr. David H. Keller (*The Devil and the Doctor, Life Everlasting and Other Tales, The Sign of the Burning*

Hart, *The Homonculus*, *The Eternal Conflict*, *Tales from Underwood*, etc.) in 1966.

H. Russell Wakefield was, at the time of his death, the undisputed dean of ghost story writers. His last story, *Death of a Bumblebee*, appears in *Travellers by Night*, edited by August Derleth. Arkham House expects to publish a final collection of Mr. Wakefield's fine stories of the supernatural some time in the future. . . . John Metcalfe's finest stories — *The Smoking Leg*, *The Bad Lands*, *Brenner's Boy*, and a handful of others — are among the best macabre tales of his generation. One of his last unpublished tales, *Not There*, is printed for the first time in *Travellers by Night*. . . . Dr. David Henry Keller held a unique position as one of the earliest social-satirists in the field of science-fiction. His reputation rests in such memorable stories as *The Thing in the Cellar*, *The Revolt of the Pedestrians*, *The Worm*, *The Dead Woman*, *A Piece of Linoleum*, *The Psychophonic Nurse*, etc. Arkham House will publish a memorial volume, *The Folsom Flint and Other Curious Tales*, in 1969.

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES. Hardcover editions of three Arkham House books will appear in England in the course of 1967. Messrs. Victor Gollancz will publish *Dagon and Other Macabre Tales* by H. P. Lovecraft and the anthology, *Over the Edge*, edited by August Derleth; Messrs. Whiting & Wheaton will publish *Pleasant Dreams*, by Robert Bloch. . . . Also in England, in paperback: *The Night Side*, edited by August Derleth (Four Square Books), and the final half of *The Other Side of the Moon*, edited by August Derleth (Mayflower-Dell). In these United States Grege La Spina's *Invaders from the Dark* was recently published in paperback under the title of *Shadow of Evil* (Paperback Library), while *Stories from Sleep No More*, edited by August Derleth (Bantam) appeared last February, containing nine of the twenty tales in the original an-

thology. Both *Sleep No More* and *Who Knocks?* have been published in paperback in England (Panther). . . . *The Shuttered Room and Other Pieces*, by H. P. Lovecraft & Divers Hands, originally published in 1959, went out of print in March. So, too, Lovecraft's *Autobiography: Some Notes on a Nonentity*, annotated by August Derleth, which was published in a limited edition of 500 copies in 1963. . . . Arkham House still has, at this writing, 14 copies of August Derleth's Souvenir Press anthology, *When Evil Wakes*, at \$5.00 the copy; anyone ordering should now specify a second-choice. . . . Books that are now low in stock are *Genius Loci and Other Tales*, by Clark Ashton Smith (\$3.00), *Roads*, by Seabury Quinn (\$2.00), *The Clock Strikes Twelve*, by H. Russell Wakefield (\$3.00), *This Mortal Coil*, by Cynthia Asquith (\$3.00), *The Throne of Saturn*, by S. Fowler Wright (\$3.00), *Revelations in Black*, by Carl Jacobi (\$3.00), *Dreams and Fancies*, by H. P. Lovecraft (\$3.50), and *The Mask of Cthulhu*, by August Derleth (\$3.50).

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COLIN WILSON. By any standard, Colin Wilson is one of the most interesting literary pots of our time. He burst upon the literary scene in England in 1956 with an astonishing *tour de force* entitled *The Outsider* ("An inquiry into the nature of the sickness of mankind in the mid-twentieth century"), an examination into the way of life of the determined individual, primarily the creative artist who seeks his own course and lives by his own standards; the book became an instantaneous best-seller and was lavishly reviewed — "The most remarkable book upon which the reviewer has ever had to pass judgment." (*The Listener*) — "He has a quick, dry intelligence, a power of logical analysis which he applies to those states of consciousness that generally defy it. He has read prodigiously and digested what he has read, and he loves what is best." (Cyril Connolly in the *Sunday Times*) — "Mr. Wilson's book

is a real contribution to our understanding of our deepest predicament." (Philip Toynbee in *The Observer*) — which was a heady experience for a young man of 25. Six years later, Sidney Campion wrote and Frederick Muller Ltd. published *The World of Colin Wilson*, a biographical study and a rarity, in that few individuals at but 31 can point to a similar experience.

The Outsider, however, was but the first of a cycle of related books — *Religion and the Rebel*, *The Age of Defeat*, *The Strength to Dream*, *Origins of the Sexual Impulse*, *Beyond the Outsider: The Philosophy of the Future* — as well as of other books, among them, *Introduction to the New Existentialism*, *Rasputin and the Fall of the Romanovs*, *An Encyclopedia of Murder*, *Eagle and Earwig*, *Brandy for the Damned*, *Sex and the Intelligent Teenager*, *Ritual in the Dark*, *Man without a Shadow*, *Adrift in Soho*, *Necessary Doubt*, *The Glass Cage*, *Voyage to a Beginning*, and others, testifying to a remarkable versatility and an even more noteworthy sustained creative talent.

Though Mr. Wilson's work commands the attention of many first-line publishers, he has chosen Arkham House as the American publisher of his first novel of science-fantasy, called "a meta-thriller" in *The Observer* review of the British edition, published earlier this year. *The Mind Parasites* stems from Mr. Wilson's acquaintance with the work of H. P. Lovecraft; the book itself is dedicated to August Derleth "who suggested it", in the course of a correspondence between the two writers initiated by Mr. Wilson's request for books by and information about Lovecraft. The story is set in the final years of the present century, and concerns the discovery by an industrial archaeologist of seventy-foot-high prehistorically inscribed blocks far underground, a discovery that leads to awareness of the menace of the invisible mind parasites which have invaded the minds of men and threaten the human race. It is a novel

of unflagging suspense; early reviews in England have justified the enthusiasm that prevails at Arkham House. The Sunday Times calls it "tremendously exciting, excellently paced in suspense, packed with inventive facts concocted from Mr. Wilson's encyclopedic notebooks."

Lovecraftians among Arkham House patrons will recall that five years ago, in *The Strength to Dream*, Mr. Wilson cocked a critical eye at Lovecraft and concluded that Lovecraft was "a horrifying figure" who had "rejected 'reality' " and was fundamentally "sick" and "totally withdrawn". In his new, long introduction written especially for the Arkham House edition of *The Mind Parasites*, Mr. Wilson writes, "I am now willing to admit that my assessment of Lovecraft in *The Strength to Dream* was unduly harsh." — and goes on at some length to discuss Lovecraft and his work, as well as Lovecraft's influence on *The Mind Parasites*.

Arkham House will publish *The Mind Parasites* at \$4.00 in July, 1967.

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COYE ILLUSTRATES LOVECRAFT. Lee Brown Coye, whose illustrations for August Derleth's anthologies, *Sleep No More*, *Who Knocks?*, and *The Night Side* so enhanced those collections, has drawn no less than fifteen superb illustrations for three Lovecraft stories — *The Colour out of Space*, *The Dunwich Horror*, and *The Thing on the Doorstep*. Under the title of *Three Tales of Horror*, Arkham House will publish a deluxe book containing the stories and the illustrations, title page and jacket also by Coye, in a limited edition, to sell at \$7.50 the copy. The illustrations are all full page, and will be tipped in. The book itself will not be uniform in size with other Arkham House books, but will be seven inches wide and nine inches high, though the black binding and goldleaf stamping will be similar. "Coye," wrote John E. Vetter in *Lovecraft's Illustrators* (Cf. *The Dark Brotherhood and Other Pieces*), "has a

fascination for the grotesque, the horrible, and the abnormal that would be worthy of Richard Upton Pickman." Publication is planned for Summer, 1967.

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THE LOVECRAFT LETTERS. The discovery early last year (1966) of a large cache of hitherto unread letters by H. P. Lovecraft made it necessary for Arkham House to plan on not three, as announced, but four volumes of *Selected Letters* in order to complete this important project. Each volume in the quartet will be priced at \$7.50, and will be bound uniformly with the set of Lovecraft fiction begun with *The Dunwich Horror and Others*. The second volume is scheduled for publication in late November, 1967. No date has as yet been set for III and IV, but IV will contain a comprehensive index.

The project is one of the most costly assumed by Arkham House and must necessarily wait upon circumstances for its completion. The editing, done by August Derleth and Donald Wandrei, is followed by fixed stages — Mr. Wandrei's proofing of the manuscript and page-proofs from the printer, following the printer's proofing, and Mr. Derleth's proofing of the pages — in spite of which numerous errors escape detection, though Mr. Wandrei is as skilled a proofreader as Mr. Derleth admits he is not. Each volume in the series will be limited to 2,500 copies.

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E. HOFFMANN PRICE. Readers familiar with the Lovecraft tales will recognize E. Hoffmann Price as a one-time collaborator of Lovecraft's — in *Through the Gates of the Silver Key*. A widely-traveled man and a confirmed Orientalist, Mr. Price was at one time a firmly established contributor to *Weird Tales* in the early years of that magazine. Though he contributed to many magazines in a variety of fields, it is only now that his first short-story collection is to be published. STRANGE GATEWAYS will contain a dozen of his best stories — *The Fire and the Flesh, Graven*

Image, The Stranger from Kurdistan, The Rajah's Gift, The Girl from Samarkand, Tarbis of the Lake, Bones for China, Well of the Angels, Strange Gateway, Apprentice Magician, One More River, Pale Hands. Publication is planned for October 1967, at \$4.00 the copy.

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NIGHTMARES AND DAYDREAMS. Planned for early 1968 publication is a collection by Nelson Bond, author of several popular books in the domain of the macabre, among them *No Time Like the Future, The Thirty-First of February, Mr. Mergenthwirker's Lobblies and Other Fantastic Tales, Exiles of Time*, etc. Mr. Bond's Arkham House collection, *Nightmares and Daydreams*, will contain fourteen stories and one narrative poem — *To People a New World, A Rosy Future for Roderick, The Song, Petersen's Eye, The Abduction of Abner Greer, Bird of Prey, The Spinsters, The Devil to Pay, "Down Will Come the Sky", The Pet Shop, Al Haddon's Lamp, Last Inning, The Dark Door, Much Ado About Pending, Final Report.* Few authors can equal Mr. Bond's penchant for the curious and whimsical, and his themes are frequently far more challenging than those of most of his fellow-scriveners in fantasy, as his arresting versions of various Biblical tales can testify. *Nightmares and Daydreams* will be published at \$4.00 the copy.

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THE ART OF THE PASTICHE. Successful pastiches are by no means rare, but the sustained pastiche requires a certain art. August Derleth has achieved it in the Solar Pons stories, and now the prolific British author, Michael Harrison (*London Growing, In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes, London by Gaslight, The House in Fishergate, The Darkened Room, Count Cagliostro, Transit of Venus, They Would Be King, The Brain, Treadmill, The Dividing Stone, A Hansom to St. James's*, etc.) has turned his able hand to pastiching the first of the great detectives, C. Au-

guste Dupin, who made his bow originally with *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, in *Graham's Magazine* for April, 1841. The Dupin pastiches have been appearing in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* since Spring, 1965.

As early in 1968 as possible, Mycroft & Moran will publish the first collection of the Dupin pastiches under the title of *The Exploits of the Chevalier Dupin*, at \$3.50. The book will contain *The Treasure of San Isidro*, *The Affair of the Fulton Documents*, *The Man in the Blue Spectacles*, *The Mystery of the Gilded Cheval-glass*, *The Vampire of the Rue du Bouloy*, *The Indiscretions of a Duchess*, and, in addition to the author's prefatory essay — *Dupin: The Reality Behind the Fiction*, an introduction by Ellery Queen.



THE FIRST SOLAR PONS NOVEL. Having pastiched the entire canon of the Sherlock Holmes short-stories, August Derleth has begun a series of novels (at least four!) featuring Solar Pons. The first of these novels, *Mr. Fairlie's Final Journey*, will be published some time in 1968 at \$3.50, under the now well-known Mycroft & Moran imprint. The novel begins with the murder of a prospective client of Pons, found in a train out of Frome, with Pons' address hidden in the lining of his hat, thus opening one of the most complicated puzzles to have come to 7B Praed Street. For the first time, Solar Pons must learn what the problem was, before he can solve the mystery of Septimus Fairlie's death. The growing audience for August Derleth's pastiches of Sherlock Holmes awaits this novel with high anticipation.



THE PROJECTED ARKHAM HOUSE PROGRAM. Arkham House is overstocked with good manuscripts — and a lack of space in which to store new books. The Lovecraft program alone will fill five large books —

SELECTED LETTERS: III

SELECTED LETTERS: IV

TALES OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS, by writers other than Lovecraft.

THE HORROR IN THE MUSEUM AND OTHER REVISIONS

THE WATCHER OUT OF TIME AND OTHERS, with August Derleth

All these books will be uniform in format with *The Dunwich Horror and Others*. In addition, Arkham House proposes to publish the following books as soon as circumstances permit —

OTHER DIMENSIONS, by Clark Ashton Smith

SELECTED POEMS, by Clark Ashton Smith

COLOSSUS, by Donald Wandrei

TIME BURIAL, by Howard Wandrei

THE CHRONICLES OF SOLAR PONS, by August Derleth

DISCLOSURES IN SCARLET, by Carl Jacobi

THE PURCELL PAPERS, by J. Sheridan LeFanu

EIGHT TALES, by Walter de la Mare

THE GREEN ROUND, by Arthur Machen

WORSE THINGS WAITING, by Manly Wade Wellman

HARRIGAN'S FILE, by August Derleth

XELUCHA AND OTHERS, by M. P. Shiel

PRINCE ZALESKI & CUMMINGS KING MONK, by M. P. Shiel

NUMBER 7, QUEER STREET, by Margery Lawrence

THE RIM OF THE UNKNOWN, by Frank Belkap Long

THE FOLSOM FLINT & OTHER CURIOUS TALES, by David H. Keller

MACABRE: A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY, edited by Malcolm Ferguson

THE SCRYING PLACE, by August Derleth
 DARK THINGS, a collection of new macabre tales

by various writers, edited by August Derleth

A final collection by H. Russell Wakefield

A new collection by J. Ramsey Campbell

The Arkham House program, even at its earliest scheduling, will carry well into the 1970s. In addition to the above-listed books, there always exists the possibility of new poetry collections, two of which are already at hand but far from being scheduled. And, in 1969, our anniversary year, Arkham House proposes to publish a new bibliography —
 THIRTY YEARS OF ARKHAM HOUSE.

† † †

TINTAGEL

King Arthur's Tea Room, says a village sign;
 Sir Gareth's Petrol; Merlin's Notion Shop.
 Along the muddy pathway from the top
 The trippers stumble; slickers wetly shine.
 Beyond the emerald, purple-spotted plain
 A cliff descends, where vast sea-caverns gape.
 A waterfall drops sheer. Above the cape
 The broken walls loom blackly through the rain.

Beneath the somber sky the surf resounds.
 The tourists murmur; swooping sea-gulls squeal.
 But, if you harken closely, you can hear,
 Through purl of water, wind, and human sounds,
 The neigh of knightly steeds, the clang of steel.
 The trumpets, and the sigh of Guinevere.

— L. Sprague de Camp

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ON PUBLICATION DATES. Some Arkham House collectors are on occasion troubled by a difference between announced and actual publication dates, and, writing us to inquire, are further disturbed to receive no reply, though most of them conclude quite logically that a book inquired about has not yet been published and will be sent without delay when it is ready. Delays are not very often the fault of Arkham House, but occur most of the time because of difficulties unforeseen by the printer. In the case of *Travelers by Night*, for instance, there was a fortnight's delay because of unexpected trouble with the printing of the jacket for that book. From time to time the printer is forced by circumstances beyond his control to re-schedule a book, and there is no time for Arkham House to notify patrons who have advance-ordered.

Now and then, however, necessity imposes delays at this end. The Lovecraft SELECTED LETTERS II is a case in point. Originally scheduled for Spring 1967, then moved to September 1967, now down for November 1967, these delays were due successively to a) the discovery of a new cache of letters that had to be added to this volume, and the time taken by editing them and copying excerpts; b) a too crowded program; and c) the inability of Donald Wandrei to cope with the tremendous task of proofing over 700 pages of manuscript and reducing them to a publishable number. Too, we are sometimes so short of storage space (and yet we have room for 50,000 books!), that we must defer publication of a given title until sales of the backlist open more space for such storage. Too, the only assistants at Arkham House — Roderic Meng and Dennis Mack — are not always available, which means that the total work of handling and processing orders falls upon August Derleth, who is thus hard-pressed between the affairs of Arkham House and his own writing. It is a measure of the improvement he has made after his coronary last December that he has actually turned in to his various pub-

lishers no less than six books since the first of the year.

Arkham House patrons must expect that from time to time there may be delays in the publishing program. Such delays are not unique in the publishing world, by any means. But it is too much to expect a reply to every query made of Arkham House in the case of advance-ordered books which, for one reason or another, may be delayed. Arkham House keeps a careful listing of all advance orders and, while we are not infallible, it is little likely that an order will be lost here. But orders may be lost in the mails, and it is not unknown that incorrect entries can be made, and the result is a failure of delivery. Inquiries should thus be made only after an advance-ordered book is known to have been published, and has not been delivered.

Arkham House patrons should also refrain from asking to know the contents of an out of print book. We cannot take the time to copy such contents pages, and anyone who really needs this information can obtain it readily enough from the Library of Congress on application.